

# Social Questions Bulletin

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## SPIT IN THE DEVIL'S EYE

A SOUTHERN HERETIC SPEAKS, By SARAH PATTON BOYLE

About the author of this NATION article:

One of the most ardent workers for desegregation in Charlottesville is a University of Virginia faculty wife named Sarah Patton Boyle . . . The Yankee visitor was sitting in his hotel room when the telephone rang and a pleasant voice said: "This is Sarah Patton Boyle. I just thought you'd want to know, there was a cross burning out in the yard here tonight. Son took some pictures of it . . ."

—Dan Wakefield in The Nation, September 15.

Charlottesville, Va. I am a white southerner who crusades for acceptance of colored citizens. Living in one of the five states sworn to resist integration at any cost, I'm roundly hated by some people, disapproved of by many and supported by very few. I must have been a fool not to expect this when I resolved to publish my banner—and I did. Beyond that, I was prepared for almost nothing that happened to me.

In the light of the experience of others, I expected to receive many threats. My psychological factory probably could turn these into stimulation, I thought. Timidity being unfamiliar in my family, I was raised to feel that even looming danger isn't the least imminent, and I characteristically trip over my own stupidity to the dentist's chair—to meet each onslaught with a buzzer with incredulity. Therefore, I concluded, a deluge of threats probably would challenge rather than terrify me. I felt disgustingly secure.

But with superhuman cunning, evil refrained from attacking me in a form which I was qualified to use constructively. Unpleasantly interprets as a threat (which I didn't) the six-foot cross on a wall was burned a slipper's toss from my bedroom window, and after a dozen years of crusading I've only once been threatened with bodily harm—when a locally postmarked letter warned that if I didn't shut up, my house might be bombed. (I didn't shut up and here sits the house.)

The deluge which actually descended was one for which I was not psychologically prepared. It consisted of contemptuous and obscene insults. Raised in a country home, the daughter of a granddaughter of Episcopal ministers, my gutter vocabulary has been so neglected that much that's said to me by letter and on the telephone I can grasp only through its context. To say I'm aghast is to use insipid language.

Moreover, it hadn't occurred to me that my motivation might be misinterpreted. I expected to be called a sentimentalist, an impractical idealist and even a crackpot. But I wasn't prepared for accusations that I am a paid agent of Communists, that I am bribed by the NAACP to tell lies, that I oppose the status quo because of a perverted passion for publicity, and—hardly—that I long for integration because of a psychopathic yearning for the special pornographic skills of black men. As I've turned the corner of my first half century, the latter bit of psychological warfare on me is the more amazing.

Once I fondly imagined that the long residence of my forebears in Virginia would move fellow Southerners to the admission that I had some right to speak in favor of changing customs. "Nobody on earth can call me a Yankee," I told myself gleefully.

*The Methodist Federation for Social Action, an unofficial membership organization, founded in 1907, seeks to deepen within the Church, the sense of social obligation and opportunity to study, from the Christian point of view, social problems and their solutions and to promote social action in the spirit of Jesus. The Federation stands for the complete abolition of war. The Federation rejects the method of the struggle for profit as the economic base for society and seeks to replace it with social-economic planning to develop a society without class or group discriminations and privileges. In seeking these objectives, the Federation does not commit its members to any specific program, but remains an inspirational and educational agency, proposing social changes by democratic decisions, not by violence.*

I was soon wishing that they could. Not only is it more comfortable to be resented as a meddling outsider than to be despised as a traitor, but also if segregationists can disqualify you merely by calling you a Yankee, they need go no further, and this is not universally regarded as a disgrace. But a dyed-in-the-wool Southerner can be disqualified only through defamation of character.

Another early illusion, soon to be dispelled, was the quarters would be given for maintaining a gentle, reasonable approach. I assumed (Jesus' own experience to the contrary) that when you turn the other cheek, nobody actually hauls off and slugs it. I have approximately two splintered jaw bones to show for this conviction.

I entered the struggle with not one ray of malice toward, or contempt for, any one. I still have none. I understand well that the segregation pattern is taken firmly for granted by many white and some colored Southerners who sincerely believe that no good can come to any one through integration. I therefore seek to help them to understand the need for integration, rather than to attack them for opposing it. Yet they could not feel toward me much more bitterly if my public utterances were vindictive condemnations. Discovery of the explanation of this was one of the greatest of my many shocks.

It's simply that so fixed is their conviction that integration can bring only degradation that they find it impossible to believe that any one who defends it is not either utterly ignorant of conditions or completely evil. The native Southerner is not adjudged to be ignorant. Looking into the eyes of staunch segregationists, I usually see not respectful hostility, but incredulous contempt. The names they call me are not merely empty insults, but are rather accurate descriptions of what they really think of me. Dressed for this contest in the highest principles I know, I wasn't prepared for eyes which could see me garbed only in filthy rags.

Nor did my surprises end with those outlined above.

A year and a half ago the Saturday Evening Post featured one of my articles on integration. It was an attempt to show through statistics and little publicized facts that Southerners are readier for integration than they think—a contention which I still maintain. Because the background of the article was Charlottesville, I expected a wide local reading. But I didn't expect that twenty-four hours after it appeared, nearly every retail dealer, delivery boy, store and postal clerk, taxi driver and shoe repair man I knew would regard me with hardened and disillusioned eyes. Overnight my little daily contacts became chills.

Did I have a similar experience in my own social group? Not at first. For two days I received a stream of telephone calls telling me how true my statements were, and how much they needed stating. Acquaintances stopped me on the street with similar comments. Surrounded by this warmth, I could be philosophical about the few who looked straight through me—taking care that I should know their action was deliberate.

But the wave of approbation, I soon learned with a sickening thud, was individual reaction. It reflected merely how each person felt as he read the article in his own home. Group reaction, however, like mob psychology, is not merely the sum of individual reaction. As attacks on the article started in the



newspapers, as enthusiastic supporters were wet-blanketed by those who claimed the facts I reported were half tommy-rot and half lies, the warm social pond in which I bathed suddenly froze. Some of the same people who had clapped loudly at first now let me know from behind stiffened faces that, after all, they did disagree with me sharply on some points.

Silence began to obtrude itself into all my social contacts except my closest friendships. The topic of integration was taboo if I was near. Though I was violently attacked almost daily in the press, no one referred to it. This was probably thought tactful, but I felt cut off. I never knew whether the person I was talking to agreed with me or with my attackers. The reticence was like a soundproof wall. Real communication ended. I began to welcome unpleasant telephone calls—pleasant ones had ceased—as at least a genuine form of human contact.

Yet, curiously, it isn't heartache which brings you closer to internal defeat as Southern tensions heighten. It's fatigue. You feel as if you've run too hard and long to catch a bus, or that it's four o'clock on a day when you forget to eat lunch. It's almost as though, without knowing it, you had been invisibly connected with other people, drawing from them nourishment, comfort and strength. Now the unseen connections are severed. And a puny thing you are when separated from the rest.

Your isolation is not so much the direct result of enemy action as of the fact that when you travel this road your experiences are shared by fewer and fewer people, until at last there's no one to whom you can make yourself understood. For words communicate only so far as they serve to remind friends of experiences and sensations of their own that resemble those which you recount. No more than you can share through description a sunset with a man blind from birth, can you share with another an experience which doesn't resemble any he has known.

And those who would like to give you moral support are quite helpless with no rules to guide them. If you lost a member of your family, anybody with a desire to help would know what he should do. Where his own experience failed, established custom would guide him. But books of etiquette lack rules of comforting those attacked for their principles.

Where can one learn that if a cross is burned for you, and it is "tactfully" ignored, you feel as if you have some unmentionable disease? Where can one learn that if you're publicly attacked and friends are silent, there builds up in your subconscious mind the conviction that you are utterly alone—even though you positively know better?

Because the Southern press blazes away in headlines and editorials which proclaim the success and opinions of segregationists, with only parenthetical or derisive mention of those who disagree; because your side is cautious and silent while the opposition is stridently vocal; because your attackers hammer away; for all these reasons, if your friends are silent, you hear only evil.

Something similar to Russian brain-washing of prisoners takes place inevitably in your consciousness. Day after day, week after week, month after month, you are told that you're a fool, a blackguard, a worker of evil. In the press, on the telephone, in your mail box, the same refrain beats on, like water dripping on the granite of your convictions: You're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, **YOU'RE WRONG!**

Friends tell you that they wanted to call you but knew you were busy and didn't like to interrupt; others that they meant to write but didn't get to it. But Mrs. Opposition didn't mind interrupting, and Mr. Opposition got to it. And the drip-drip-drip goes on and on. Slowly, like creeping paralysis, you find yourself losing confidence.

You find yourself developing a brand of schizophrenia. There is an ever-increasing cleavage between what you think and what you feel. You know that much progress has been made, yet you feel that there's just no use carrying the banner any more. You know that justice moves irresistibly to eventual triumph, yet you feel that only evil and ugliness have stout roots. You know you are right, yet building up in you is an enormous sense of guilt. This is your final, sickening surprise.

From birth, good Americans are assured that if they are well-behaved, are kind, honest and industrious, they will inevitably be rewarded by social approval. Naturally, when you are publicly attacked, they—including you—are filled with the unformulated suspicion that you got what you somehow deserved.

Is a Southern crusader for the rights of man doomed to

eventual breakdown? Many seem to think so, for the rate of retirement in this field of activity must approach the record. Watching, Southern Negroes have grown cynical about the shelved efforts of the white liberal—thus adding the minority's mistrust to his other pressures.

But I think I've rediscovered a way for you to keep your sanity and still crusade. It's simply meekly to accept, "modest theology." With its able aid your psychological facts can convert pressure, pain and disillusionment into power and persist. Our modern view of the world, I now think, is the growth of soft lives. In hand-to-hand combat with raw evil the sensible view seems less realistic.

When the smell, taste, sound and touch of evil are a nightmare against which you constantly struggle, the personification of evil is an intelligent device. In facing evil squarely and calling it the Devil, some of your horrid helplessness before its magnitude departs. Then, too, you find yourself more able to be dazzled into spontaneous worship by the glory of evil's opposite, the shining purity of love.

Years ago, on seeing the title of an article, "Humanitarianism Is Not Enough," I recall thinking, "How could that be?" I wouldn't ask myself that question now. When evils swarm like a mob of maniacs you know that you must have been something and Someone to worship, or perish.

Against a background of accusing enemies and silent friends I hungrily reclaim the "morbid" doctrine that unearned suffering is redemptive, and that only the patient pain of the innocent can dissolve some human sins. It's the futility of pain which drains the heart, I find. Believe that pain has purpose, and its power stiffens your weary spine. The early Christians were singing to ugly deaths. The Southern crusader, too, has no other forgotten virile Christian truths.

So I shan't break down, and I shan't retire. For I shall refresh myself by looking at a sparkling, ethereal King, and I shall know an easier yoke and a lighter burden, and I shall let it be said, "Forgive them, Father," and—after taking practical aim—I shall spit in the Devil's eye.

Mrs. Sarah Patton Boyle,  
University of Virginia,  
Charlottesville, Virginia.

Dear Mrs. Boyle:

Yesterday evening (Sunday), I told a bit of your story appearing in the October 20th issue of "The Nation" to some thirty-five of the members and friends of the Oregon Chapter of our Methodist Federation for Social Action. I used it during our worship service and prior to the singing of one of our great missionary hymns, words by "Colin Stern" in our Methodist Hymnal. My thought in presenting it was to help them put something of the content of your experience into the singing of this hymn. Immediately after telling something of your story one of our members rose and asked that we send to you expressing our gratitude and appreciation for the exceptional leadership you have been providing in this great fight not alone for your city and state, but for our whole nation. We express to you, too, our sincere sympathy as well as to your immediate family for the suffering entailed by both yourself and your family.

We wish there were more we could do to help in your particular situation. We are carrying on something of a program here in Portland, Oregon, which we trust will be of some little value in helping to bring to pass a finer and a better nation with something of the meaning we believe Jesus had in mind in his prayer: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven."

May Divine strength and wisdom continue to be yours and that of your associates. May God's richest blessings ever attend you.

Cordially yours,  
MARK A. CHAMBERLIN

Dear Mr. Chamberlin:

What you tell me in your letter is indeed heartening and I'm deeply grateful to you for writing it and to the members of your fellowship who suggested your writing.

You will perhaps get a better grasp of what your letter has done for me when I tell you that probably the most effective weapon which the Devil has against the crusader is a growing feeling that he accomplishes nothing, that nobody listens, that



is helped or altered by his sacrifices and thus that his  
ance is useless and without fruit. A letter such as yours,  
can readily see, goes a long way toward rendering this  
weapon ineffectual.

I suggest to your fellowship (and such a recommenda-  
coming from the national office would mean so much, so  
that they make it a part of their regular program to write  
of support and encouragement to every one who comes to  
attention who has spoken out, however guardedly and  
or moved, however cautiously, in the right direction con-  
g this issue? I know of nothing which would further the  
of brotherhood more.

they would watch the daily papers for letters to the editor  
ews of those who have done or said something, however  
and write a line (a line is as good as a full page) ex-  
ing approval and support, more would be said and more  
be done in the open. Public officials and individuals alike  
support, and knowing that they have it would do better  
with a lighter heart.

this is a vital work which invalids and persons not in a posi-  
themselves to do something more open can carry on.  
was good of you to say, "We wish there were more we  
do to help your particular situation." Believe me you  
helped it immeasurably. But of course what I personally  
s of value only because it expresses what is true of thous-  
of others who carry the same banner and suffer the same  
only less articulately than I. Your Federation can bring  
only comfort but increased efficiency and effectiveness to  
all.

Gratefully, SARAH PATTON BOYLE,  
Box 3183, Univ. Station, Charlottesville, Va.

## METHODIST FEDERATION FOR SOCIAL ACTION

of California-Nevada Conference Chapter Annual Retreat  
Hidden Villa, Los Altos, November 9-10, 1956

ne retreat began with a dinner at 6:00 p. m. held at the  
restaurant in Los Altos. About twenty were present.  
Following the meal the members went to Hidden Villa and  
ence Robinson of Modesto was introduced and told a fas-  
ing story of his visit to Russia during the past summer. Mr.  
son illustrated his talk with pictures taken in various cities  
ussia. The members were agreed that the presentation was  
most illuminating they had heard on the Russian situation.  
any questions were asked and answered in the discussion  
ollowed the talk.

etirement came at 11:00 p. m.  
reakfast on Saturday morning was eaten at the same Los  
restaurant after which the members returned to Hidden

panel dealing with the world scene was held with Glenn  
of Oakdale acting as moderator. Rev. Myron Herrell,  
speaker, spoke on his summer experiences with the Fiske  
that visited Russia while Andy Juvinal dealt with affairs  
he observed in the Middle East. Glenn Miller also dealt  
Middle Eastern problems as he witnessed them during the  
summer.

ne panel proved enlightening and most worthwhile and  
l as emphasis to the presentation on Russia as given by  
Robinson the previous night.

ter clean-up at the Villa, the members returned to the Los  
Cook House for lunch.

usiness items as follows were considered and actions taken:  
eeting called to order by George Colliver, chairman. John  
and Sylvia Powell had been present during the retreat and  
ave a report on the case of the sedition charges against  
lf and his wife. They were former editors of the China  
ly Review in Shanghai. The charges against them have  
as a result of their reporting as they saw conditions in  
unist China.

orrell Julian reported that the Conference series of con-  
ons on "The Moral and Ethical Witness of the Methodist  
h" seemed to have had considerable impact and that the  
now is to follow up vigorously with local church activity.  
ged that churches find local community situations for con-  
and action. He reported that in January and February sem-  
are to be held on Saturdays all over the Conference for  
issions on Christian Social Relations in the local church.

The group voted to favor Washington, D. C., as the place  
and July, 1957, for the date for the 50th anniversary meeting  
for M.F.S.A. The following expressed the hope they may be  
able to attend: Jack McMichael, the Ellis Browns, the Jim Ches-  
nuts, Ed Peet, George H. Colliver.

As an instrument in our 500 goal membership drive, the  
chairman presented a prepared declaration regarding M.F.S.A.  
which was signed by ten outstanding ministers in the conference.  
Jack McMichael moved a vote of appreciation for the declaration  
and group voted to send this declaration, together with a letter  
of explanation and a membership card to all ministers of the  
Conference. It was also decided that the same declaration, to  
be signed by outstanding laymen of the Conference, should be  
sent to local lay leaders of the Conference.

Reports were made on local groups. Marie Seaman reported  
that several meetings of the Central San Joaquin Valley chapter  
have been held this past year. The following people reported on  
plans to organize other local groups: Dillon Throckmorton in  
Tulare-Kings County area, Marguerite Edises in Mill Valley, and  
Ellis Brown in Sacramento.

The group voted to meet again during the Earle lectures  
at the True Blue Cafeteria in Berkeley at 5:00 p. m. on Feb-  
ruary 25, Tuesday.

Respectfully, MARIE SEAMAN, Secretary.

## RESPONSE TO A HOUSE COMMITTEE SUBPOENA

By REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN

(In this month of December, when we Americans commemorate our  
Bill of Rights and when the world recalls adoption of the United Nations  
of the U. S.-backed noble Declaration of Human Rights, the House Com-  
mittee on Un-American Activities—in full harmony with its undemocratic and  
repressive past—was busy on the West Coast hounding individuals and or-  
ganizations with records of activity for the persecuted foreign-born and  
against restrictive and inhuman legislation like the Smith Act and the  
Walter-McCarran Act. One subpoena was issued Mr. Fritchman, who got  
unanimous backing of his First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles Board of  
Trustees, after he issued the following statement.)

It is almost unbelievable that in free America in 1956 a  
Congressional Committee has the impertinence to subpoena a  
minister, an attorney, a trade unionist or anyone else, to appear  
and answer for their civic dedication, their zeal for effective  
democratic activity. Yet the subpoenas issued this week in Los  
Angeles, and the statement to the press made by Congressman  
Clyde Doyle would seem clearly to indicate that this is the Un-  
American Committee's purpose here. As a member of a liberal  
church, of a denomination known throughout the world for its  
commitment to freedom of the mind, to social justice and peace,  
and as a citizen of the United States I am shocked at being  
subpoenaed for the apparent reason that I have joined thousands  
of Americans in efforts to amend or repeal restrictive legislation  
against the foreign-born. This is a cause which has enlisted the  
conscience of many clergymen and laymen of all faiths. But  
apparently what was appropriate for President Eisenhower in his  
State of the Union message last January becomes unlawful for  
a plain citizen to propose. Senator Kuchel or Congressman James  
Roosevelt have quite properly urged radical changes in the  
Walter-McCarran Act, but it seems to be cause for a subpoena  
if a parish minister does the same. To what absurdity will the  
logic of the Un-American Committee next lead? Are the thous-  
ands of rabbis, priests and parsons and their parishioners who  
seek revision of laws supporting racial discrimination to expect  
a police officer at their doors with a call to a government hear-  
ing? What remains of freedom of religion, what remains of cit-  
izenship under the whole Bill of Rights if the very act of pro-

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Rev. Lee H. Ball, Prof. George H. Colliver, Rev. Clarence T. R. Nelson,  
Rev. Elwin E. Wilson; Recording Secretaries, Mrs. Ella Mulkey, Miss  
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posing legislative change is called "subversive?" It is time indeed for the American people to demand the abolition of a Committee so fantastically out of line with the American way of life as it has been practiced for the past two centuries. My own Unitarian denomination asked for the abolition of this Committee at its annual meeting in 1946. I see no reason for any revision of their judgment in 1956.

## CHRISTMAS: PROMISE OF COMING DAWN

Concerned by the recent outbreaks of violence and war, and the not-ended threat of global holocaust, religious men and women can take heart from the Christmas Story's message that Heaven's decree is for peace on earth and good will toward men. For us to continue to work for peace and good will and to uphold universal love and justice without bounds or barriers or discrimination, is to work with Heaven, with stars in their courses.

The Christmas Story also promises in Mary's Magnificat that "the hungry" are to be "filled with good things." Another promise oft repeated in the Christmas Story is that of freedom for victims of colonial rule.

These promises of the Christmas Story are not "pie in the sky." They represent, to be true, the Divine Will. But they also represent today scientific possibility and the demands of sensitive social conscience.

World war today would bring defeat and disaster to both sides. Men of reasonable intelligence on both sides see its folly.

We can produce and distribute enough today to end the hunger which two of three still experience. Let us end the fight of arms, stockpiles, and hate of man against man and nation against nation; and begin the fight of man with man and nation with nation against preventable hunger, illiteracy and disease. And all the signs of our times tell us that the bells are tolling for foreign domination and colonial rule. The Suez and Hungary fiascos are cases in point. The cry of modern men and nations for freedom will not be crushed. The Christmas promises can now be actualized. Let us organize our reason and good will, and join with one another and with Heaven to get that job done.

J.R.M.

## BEHIND THE HEADLINES

At this writing (Nov. 29) it looks as though hostilities had ended in Egypt and in Hungary. It is time to begin talking in the U.N. and in Washington, about what has to be done in reconstruction and prevention. It is time for all religious organizations to consider what they should contribute to this discussion.

In England a beginning has been made by Aneurin Bevan, leader of the radical wing of the British Labor Party. His utterance has promoted him to the leading voice on foreign policy in the opposition "shadow Cabinet" in Parliament. This position is supposed to make him foreign secretary when the Labor Party comes to power.

Outlining a "new bold policy for peace" in his "Tribune," Bevan calls the U.N. police force in Egypt "a physical manifestation of a moral idea." Its presence asserts "the involvement of the world in every quarrel between the nations that carries the threat of force." Actually it does more. It is the embodiment of a world wide moral judgment. Drawn only from the smaller nations, it stands between the hostile armies. The invaders could crush it in a few minutes. But only at a moral loss they cannot afford.

Contrast this with the army that under the misplaced label of "police action," dropped napalm on helpless Korean peasants. Plainly the nations have moved in both reason and conscience since then. This is the victory of moral force over armed force. Here is the first factual move since the atomic bomb was made and dropped to put mankind in step with the law of the universe that life is stronger than death.

For the benefit of those who want the present police action to lead to a "U.N. war machine" Bevan adds, "that fact would not be evidence of success but of a failure."

To its duty of keeping the combatants apart until the invaders leave, the U.N. police force has added the patrolling of the streets of Port Said, replacing the British and French forces. The necessity apparently was the bitter resentment arising from whatever facts there were behind the atrocity stories brought to Cairo by refugees from Port Said and outsiders who had been

there. Such stories appear in every war and are increased by strategy of total war. Sometimes arising from a baseless rumor they snowball as they pass from mouth to mouth.

Those from Port Said parallel those told by refugees, newspapermen from Budapest. They describe the poorer section of the Arab quarter burned to the ground, leaving the inhabitants to sleep shelterless and coverless through the cold nights; whose personnel were camouflaged as Egyptian welcome the unarmed people and then opening fire on them; long British and French residents firing from their windows on armed people in the streets. The last accounts for part of recent expulsion orders.

Bevan issues another challenge to religious organizations: wants the U.N. police force enlarged into a body equipped "with the means to develop the resources of the Middle East to irrigate the desert, to plough back the revenues from the oil into the countries from which they are taken . . . then no more would be required to keep the peace in the Middle East. To get that far of course the development authority would have to be based upon the sovereignty of the Middle East nations and the exercise of their initiative. It would also have to completely replace the contest for control of that area between the leaders of the two systems that now divide the world.

In its place there would have to be conscious cooperation, competitive peaceful co-existence in the service of mankind. It would express the gospel our churches proclaim as the basis for human living. President Truman, by his Point IV, created the program the U.N. started to this end. President Eisenhower is now insisting that the U.N. be used to settle the basic disputes in the Middle East. This gives our churches the opportunity to suggest that he renew his one-time interest in peaceful co-existence and advocate a program of mutual economic development of the Middle East.

The need for this move is shown by the revelation of other pressure upon our policy making in a comment by a columnist of the Wall Street Journal upon the "economic aspects of President Eisenhower's declaration of non-involvement in the Middle East crisis . . ." The comment says that "less spoiled by participation in some kind of Mid-East police force" it (this declaration) returns to the American economic system the functions that a neutral can perform in time of war . . . The prime function of a neutral is to serve as a bank of capital which can be saved for use in post-war reconstruction. The secondary function frankly, is to get paid for service by making some money out of the war. In the present instance, the money we might make would probably be restricted mostly to furnishing oil to Europe in case of shortages there. So the worship of Mammon steps in when the worship of God goes out. The God of the "almighty dollar" embodies the power which has left the outdated God of brutal armed force.

Bevan issued still another challenge to our churches concerning Eastern Europe. He said that only if the West recognized Soviet fears of European hostility could its western boundary move toward independence. As long as the West continued its old barren policy of NATO, German rearmament and Western bases in Germany, peace and freedom would remain impossible. Since the U.S. was, and is, the leader in this rearmament program, here again is where the churches could express their moral voice.

Bevan further contends that the "deeper the belt of neutral countries lying between us and Russia (preferably including the united neutralized Germany) the better for both." This assumption was supposed to be a condition of the peace, that the fascist countries were free to choose their own form of government but not the fascist form. The special interest of our churches at this point is the kind of clerical fascism that Mindszenty's radio speech after he was released from prison tried to bring back in Hungary. It includes restoring the land possessed by the church and its traditional voice in government policy.

Can these things be done? Bevan sees hope in the fact that like the British, the Soviet government is learning "the hard way" to recognize the limits of armed force. There is a sign in the sky all across the world. The way of life that on armed force has brought mankind to a dead end. There is no way through except by recognizing and establishing the supremacy of moral force. Every test of a bomb, or a nuclear war is also a test of the vitality of our religious faith that moral law is the law of the universe and must be the law of human life.

H.F.